The Story of a Young New Yorker Who Has to Play Several Odd Roles He Never Rehearsed --- A Girl With Ideals and a Policeman With Ideas

CHAPTER I.

A Grapefruit Prelude. PLASH! The grapefruit hit her in the eye!

Splash! His psychic wave was dashed to emithereene!

"Oh! Oh!" the two girls acresmed in unison.

"D—" the young man sitting near ejaculated.

For ten minutes there in the Oak Room of the Rits-Carlton he had

sen hurling across the narrow intervening space this mental command to Look here! Look at me! Let me see your eyes! Look here!"

For hair that time she had been conscious of his insistent case and his mea-nage. But with as much will power as he himself displayed she bent her head over her plate and sent back along his telepathic transmission this reply:

over her plate and sent back along his telepathic transmission the reply:

"I won't! I won't!"

But she was weakening.

"Eadis," she said to her companion, "I do awfully want to look up. I want to see WHO is looking at you, dear, doesn't lit? If it were seme horrid old man"—

"No, it doesn't feel a bit like that, sails. I don't knew just how to explain is-really it lan't unpleasant at all."

"Why, Helen! And you engaged and soing to elo"—

"Thush, Sadis, you musin't eay that in here. Somebody might—but I positively cannot keep my eyes down another omment. I'm"—

Then splash!

A vicious little jab of the spoon and there followed a disastrous geyser—a stapefrult gayser.

With a smothered little cry of pain Helen's eyes shut tight and she groped for her naphin. And to make a good job of it the Fates dragged in at that mement Helen's guardian aunt, the tail and statusque Mrs. Blytra Burton of Omaha, Neb.

The young man who had failed so signally in what was perhaps his maken effort at hypnotism viciously selved all the change the waiter proferred on the little silver tray, flung it back with a smarl, get up and stamped out of the room.

He was a mighty good looking chap, emartly attired, and if you care for details, he wore a heliotrope scarf in which there gleamed a superb price.

"Can you beat it!" he muttered as he climbed the strairs to the lobby and the climbed the s

middle of the lobby as if he had taken root somewhere down in the foundations.

"Can I beat what" asked the house detective frigidly.

My but he was an angry young man, and he fairly snarled at the magnificent individual he had collided with:

"Beat a drum, beat an egg, beat around the bush—go as far as you like room."

There is something strange about that young fellow," murmured the clerk as he watched the object of suspicion vanish into the lift. "Though if he is a friend of Whitney Barnes, the clerk right. I think I'm look him up in the social Register."

Which he did—without enlightenment.

"Beat a drum, beat an egg, beat around the bush—so as far as you like—beat your grandmother if you pre-

was not used to that sort of treatment:
furthermore it distinctly galled him to
be asked to beat his grandmother,
whom he recalled as an estimable old
lady who made an odd noise when she
ate soup, owing to an absence of teeth.
"What's that you said about my grandmether?" he said, bridling.
"Bother your grandmother," shot back
the insolent retort, whereat the lordly
house defective plucked the young man
by the arm.

AVING arrived in the grill
room of the Rits coincident
with a devastating eruption
of grape fruit, Mrs. Elvira
Burton set out forthwith to
demonstrate that her unlamb. It was a HUMAN
expected as the spread out
her amile was acid as she spread out
her smile was acid as she spread out
her rich sable furs and sat down at
the table with her two pretty nieces. was not used to that sort of treatment:

"Staggerin' an' loony talk don't go in
the Rita," he said under his breath.
"Tou've been havin' too much."
"Preposterous!" exclaimed the young man, vainly endeavoring to shake his grapefruit bespattered eyes.

A twitter of something more than

"Are you a guest of the house?" de-manded the immaculately garbed minton girl's features at the mention of the of the Rits.

manded the immaculately garbed minion of the Ritz.

The All graphs of the Ritz and serious at the mention of the graphs of the Ritz your name.

"If and it know—that is, I've forgotten."

"If one it

OFFICER 666

By Barton W. Currie



and thought that one of them had es- Many times when she told him now

ta pocket (

84. If you run a knife blade along a strip of paper, why will the paper

prevent the warmth of the body from being drawn off by

is not admitted into the room as fast as it is consumed by the fire. A current of air, rushing down the chimney to supply the defections, draws the smeke

79. (Why does paint blister from heat?)—Heat, penetrating the paint, extraots moisture from the wood or other material on which the paint is spread, and turns the emoisture into steam, which in expanding causes blisters in the paint.

30. (Why do two pieces of ice melt when rubbed together?)—Ice contains a certain amount of latent heat. When two pieces of ice are rubbed together some of this heat is made actively potent and serves to mait the ice.

HESE questions will be answered Wednesday. Here are the answers to Friday's queries: 76. (Why is a woollen garment warmer than one of linen?)--Woollen is a bad and linen a good "conductor" of heat. Woollen garments

81. Why are shrubs more likely than trees to be frostbitten?

88. Why is breath visible in cold weather and not in warm?

82. Why does fron rust when exposed to the air!

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Mary and Her Little Lamb.

good.

lamb, and every place that Mary went the lamb

Yet, unlike the other Mary and her little lamb, it

needed some en-

courseement go, and Mary had

Fables for Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, hostif" characted Joshus Barnes
The us in year tool imagination. Grow
up and to a man, Whitney. You have
given me your word and I capper, you to
referred to in the daily press
as Old Orim Barnes, the mustard millionaire, surred suddenly upon his son and pintoned him:
"Why Con't was not and pintoned him:
"Why Con't was not and pintoned him: lowing her—that really and truly tours were so many other lions seeking her bleat out to her with a "Come Hank" shepherdess hook for some terrapin favor and that they were all caged as song—bis swan song in the everlasting and peach melba. A fit of "nerves" far as SHE was concerned.

And when he wasn't following her TRAINED him well.

She had meant only to "laugh and play." but a ismb grows out of being a little lambkin and becomes a real sheep, which brings with it WispDOM. He wanted to follow her to the "end of the world." But Mary's world ended with a dinner engagement, which "lighting a little hour or two, is gone." Bhe tried to laugh him off, but yet to KEEP her little lamb.

But having OUTGROWN his lambness, he said, "Bahl bahl" The wool would not be pulled over his eyes. And like little Bo-Peep, she LOST her sheep.

He figured up on the back of one of ther "sweet" notes what the "follow-follow" stage had produced, and the numbers showed HOW WIELL he had been fiscoed.

He was slad to become the strayed sheep, where she was concerned. For the human lion becomes a black sheep only after he is well shorn.

MORAL:

A HUMAN LAMB MAY BLEAT AT BEENG A SHEEPP, BUT BALKS AT BEENG A SHEEPP, BUT BALKS AT BEECOMENG A BLACK SHEEPP.

A Laugh-Romance of

Quick-Fire Action With

Plenty of Suspense and

Many Tangles--Based on

the Successful Farce of

the Same Name

produced a box at the opera.

Mary's little lemb followed her to school one day—the school of LOVE—toned him:

"Why don't you get married?"

the Same Name

named. Her dissusse were pentirely intercept the lower from which her bushes assemed to fountain. Since did not reach for the busyes, include, because the fund train to be outgoed, include, because the fund train her eyes as give dereath back in her cost and capracide ber and.

Men. Hurton was not least to saits upon any leaves and the saits upon any leaves of the dereath her in her cost and capracide ber and the saits upon any leaves the bushes of critical and current them ever. The broques was tell with a delicate sance at the saits upon the property related the bushes of critical and current them ever. The broques was tell with a delicate sance and then at Richards dream. There was accommented in the granter. Her eyes studied and current them because of ever everal similar to the property of the sain of t

which was against the rule, Mary's little rule, since it was "not the least what the lady meant." But a lamb must follow the NATURAL bent in following his leader.

She had meant only to "laugh and play" but a lamb she had meant only to "laugh and play" but a lamb she had meant only to "laugh and play" but a lamb she had meant only to "laugh and play" but a lamb she had meant only to "laugh and play" but a lamb she had lated a lamb she lated a lamb sh

"S'Matter, Pop?"

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Hogg Enters the Lists.

























